

THE  
Shepherds  
OPERA.

*A rural Life's the Seat of true Content ;  
Serene, retir'd, our Joys are permanent :  
Strangers to Strife, Ambition, Envy, Fear ;  
We bless the Fate, which fix'd our happy Sphere ;*



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# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

COLLIN.  
STREPHON.  
DAMON.  
CORYDON.  
ADONIS.



*Shepherds.*

*CUDDY, A Clown.*

SPENDTHRIFT. } *Gentlemen of*  
GAYLOVE. } *Fortune.*

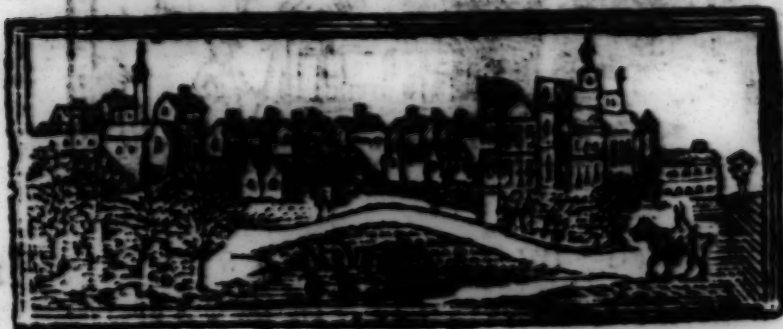
*A Servant.*

## W O M E N.

DOROTHEA.  
GALESIA.  
CHLOE.  
PHILLIS.

*Shepherdesses.*

*BETTY, Servant to GAYLOVE.*





T H E  
*Shepherds Opera.*




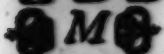

A C T the F I R S T.

SCENE, *A House.*

*Enter DOROTHEA, dress'd as a Shepherdess : A Crook in her Hand, her Bottle over her Shoulder, her Viands by her Side, and a Dog following.*

DOROTHEA *sings.*

A I R I. TUNE, How wretched are we Orphans made ?

 *I* bleating Sheep, my tender Kids,  
 *M* Call me abroad --- my Stay forbids ---  
 *P*oor Trey salutes me with his Waugh :  
*His Actions make me laugh. [Smiling.]*

*I go, poor Rogue ! [pats him] forbear thy Moan :  
 The Sun is high, AURORA's gone,  
 To hide her Head, 'till the next Dawn,  
 Proclaims approaching Day.*



*Enter COLLIN, leaning upon a Stick.*

*Collin.* Good Morrow, my Darling.

*Dor.* A good Morrow to my dear Father.— Pray give me your Blessing before I go abroad ?

*Collin.* Heaven bleis my Child -- defend thee from Harm — preserve thy Innocence spotless. — May thy Virtue be thy constant Companion to thy Life's last Period ! [ *Weeps.* ]

*Dor.* I thank you, Father ; but what occasions those Tears ? Are you not well ? Do you fear you are going to die, and leave me ?

*Collin.* No, my Child, I'm not afraid to die. I expect my Summons e'er long ; and most willingly will obey it : But thou art my Care : When I'm gone, I leave thee --- young and lovely as thou art — expos'd to the Worlds none to advise, none to redress thy Wrongs, — altho' thou promises fair, yet I fear for thee.

*Dor.* Father, you distract me ! You just talk as if you were a going to make your Will.

*Collin.* That I have done long ago — Thou art my Heir — had I more, it should be thine.

*Dor.* Why, then, this unusual Discourse ? I fear you have found some Fault in my Behaviour. In what have I offended you ? — Be it what it will, only tell me, and I'll never more be guilty of it.

[ *She weeps.* ]

*Col.* Don't weep, my Dear, you never offended me.

*Dor.* Why, then, do you talk thus to me ?

*Col.* 'Tis only the Effect of a wild Dream I had in the Night, that has brought this Melancholly upon me.

*Dor.* Pray, Father, what did you dream ?

*Col.* I'll tell thee. I went to Bed as usual in a good State of Health, and a quiet Conscience ; a Blessing, I thank Heaven ! I have long enjoy'd — I fell asleep, and dreamt of thee — but not with that Delight  
the



the Thoughts of thee generally afford me ; but Fear and Care perplex'd me. Methought I saw thy Virtue attack'd by a Man much thy Superior : — To my Wish, thou repuls'd his vile Offer with Scorn and Contempt ; and guarded thy Honour by a strong Resolution to avoid him.

*Dor.* And does this Dream give you Concern ? Methinks, it should please you, rather ! Father, I'll promise you, I'll never be guilty of an Action for which you would chide me.

*Col.* Thou art a good Girl. (*Kisses her.*) When I awoke, I reflected upon my Dream ; and the very Supposition of what might have been the Consequence of such an Attempt tormented my very Soul. — Sleep could no more close my Eyes. — I left my Bed before my wonted Hour. — Unwilling to disturb thee, I saunter'd away my Time, until I met thee here. —

*Dor.* Pray, Father, think no more of it. — You may be easy about me. — I can't leave you, until I see you chearful.

*Collin.* I will be so, my Dear — I hope, thou art out of the Way of false-designing Men, who only carry the Appearance of Worth, but have nothing of Value, except their Drefs. — I am glad, I chose this Manner of Life for thee ; in which thou art less liable to Ruin. —

*Dor.* Father, I am extremely pleased ; and had rather be attending my Flocks, than live at Court. — Altho' I have heard you say, what fine Folks they be there ! — But, pray, Father, what made you a Shepherd ? You have told me, you were not born one.

*Collin.* No, my Child. I was born of Parents, who had other Views for me ; who gave me a good Education, and left me a pretty Estate, which I foolishly lavish'd away ; and, by my Prodigality, was soon reduc'd to great Distress. — However, I was well qualified to get Bread, in a reputable way, altho' I had spent  
my

my Fortune. But Reflection came so fast upon me, that I grew quite pensive, and resolved never more to think of gay Life; but, as much as possible, to retire from the World, and to pursue Peace of Mind. — I fell in with some Shepherds: I lik'd their innocent Way of Living; and continued amongst them; and, by Industry, and Sobriety, regain'd my lost Character; and was held in Esteem. — I fell in Love with a young Shepherdess. I married her; she only bore thee to me, and died! Ever since my only Care has been for my Darling; who bears her very Resemblance. — Pray, *Dorry*, what Company do your new Abodes afford you? I am so lame, I cannot get so far; or I should oft be with you.

*Dor.* The Plains, where you have fix'd my Folds, are at a Distance from any Company. I can see several People attending their Flocks; but, can't discern one from another. Sometimes the Shepherds and Shepherdesses come and pass an Hour with me; but I am much alone, and I like it much better than the *Valley* where we dwelt before. I always had had a Croud about me: I was weary of so much Company. But, I must go — the Sun is high; my Sheep will want me. Pray, Father, promise to be chearful; and don't think any more of that Dream that troubled you.

*Collin.* I will, my Dear — Heaven bless thee.

[ *Ex. both several Ways.* ]



## SCENE, A Grove.

*Enter* GAYLOVE, and SPENDTHRIFT.

*Spend.* I wish I could see this Wonder of Nature.

*Gaylove* SINGS.

A I R II. *Tune, Rigadoon.*

*Dear charming DOROTHEA, the Idol of my Soul,  
Thou lovely cruel Tyrant, Thou reign'st without Controul.*

*In*

*In vain I sigh, I languish,  
Regardless of my Anguish,  
She dooms me her Chains to wear.*

*Spend.* Prethee, where's the Difficulty? To subdue the Virtue of a poor silly Wench, unpracticed in the Wilds of Flattery, unguarded, without the Advantage of either Precept, or Example! — Why, Man, I'll warrant she's very proud of being addressed by a Person of your Figure. — I dare swear, she never goes to sleep, but before she wakes she dreams of you.

*Gay.* Spendthrift, thou do'st not know her or you would not judge the Conquest so easy. — She's a Girl of uncommon Sense for her Sphere. And the Beauties of her Mind outshine that of her Person; and they both agree to charm my Senses. Were I inclin'd to take a Companion for Life, I'd prefer my dear *Dorothea* to all the Ladies of Birth and Fortune; and account myself rich, when possess'd of so inestimable a Gem: — But, I dare not swallow this Pill of Matrimony, least in Time I should think otherwise, and grow weary of the State — then I should be wretched, when the Affair was not to be retrieved! —

*Spend.* Ha, ha, ha! Prefer her to a Lady of Birth and Fortune, but dare not marry her! Aye, that's a Paradox. — Well, bring me to an Interview, and then I'll judge; and, if I can find such Excellencies in your *Nonpareil*, I'll joyn in your extravagant Encomiums; and own, that an illiterate Country Girl has acquired to as great Perfection, from the Company of Sheep and Goats, as a fine Lady, who from her Infancy has been disciplin'd under the most judicious Tutors.

*Gay.* Well, I can't convince you — but if you'll swear upon the Honour of your Name, nay, by our Friendship, that you won't be in Love with her too, I'll carry you to her; and your Eyes shall convince you of the Truth of this Assertion.

*Spend.*



*Spem.* Agreed ; and here I swear I'll not once attempt to violate my Oath, or play a Game inconsistent with our Friendship. —

*Gay.* Then know, my Angel is nigh at Hand : Yon Farmhouse, is the Dwelling of my dear *Dorothea*. Her Father's Name is *Collin* ; the Shepherd that feeds his Flocks near those Mountains before us. — There she attends her Lambs, and milks her Goats : And, when she has acquitted herself of her Charge, as her leisure Hours give Opportunity, she enjoys her innocent Diversions, and sings her Roundelays in Praise of a rural Life. At Night she returns home, with her Viands by her Side, her Bottle over her Shoulder, and Crook in her Hand ; and, as she passes along, of her Superfluity, she administers Food to her favourite Companion ; and makes poor *Trey* as well satisfied as his Mistress. — And when she meets her good old Father, with all the Tenderness of an affectionate Daughter, she enquires into his Health, and performs all those little Offices of Kindness she judges necessary, and her Duty obliges her to. — Then, after a slight Repast, she sings a *Requiem*, and charms him to his Rest. — Then, upon her Pillow declines her Head, and sleeps undisturb'd until the Bleating of the Sheep calls her upon Duty.

*Spend.* Psha, psha, psha ! What a Bead-roll is here ! [*Laughs.*] Why, Man, thou art under a stronger Incantment than the renown'd Don *Quixot*. The peerless Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* had not half so many Charms as your Shepherds ! — Why, I suppose you'll turn Knight-Errant, and travel in Search of Adventures ; and, by Force of Arms, augment the Number of her Slaves. I wonder you can't persuade yourself to marry her, since she is possess'd of so many Charms, and you are so enamour'd with her.

*Gay.* I would, had I as good an Opinion of myself as I have of her ; but I know my Temper, I am very inconstant, I dare not trust myself. — I fear I should

should use her ill, and yet I know not how to live without her ; but come, let's go seek her.

*Spend.* Aye, aye, let's go — I shan't be disappointed when I see her. I rather fear your Brains affected, than expect to find the Woman you have thus delineated.

Sure such a Creature, made of mortal Mold,  
Might charm the Gods with Pleasure to behold.

*Ex. both.*

SCENE, A FIELD.

*Enter STREPHON.* Sits down upon the Ground,  
plays upon his Pipe, lays it down, and sings.

AIR. III. TUNE, With tuneful Pipe and merry, &c.

*What dear Delights possess'd my Soul,*

*When DORRY grac'd this Plain !*

*As she sat watching of her Sheep,*

*She wounded e'ry Swain :*

*Unknown to her, her Arrows fly,*

*Her Beauty gives us Pain :*

*Her very Smiles, our Hearts beguiles,*

*Or if she frowns, or if she frowns,*

*Or if she frowns, we are slain.*

*In sultry Heat, upon the Grass,*

*She takes a kind Repose ;*

*Her Head declining on a Tuft,*

*Of Lilies, Pinks, and Rose.*

*Soft Zephyr, with his gentle Breeze,*

*Dishevels her curling Hair ;*

*And Negligence adds to her Charms ;*

*And as she sleeps, and as she sleeps,*

*She shines transcending fair.*

B

But

But now she's gone, and left a Dart,  
 Inelos'd within my Breast ;  
 On e'ry Tree I'll engrave her Name,  
 And never more take Rest :  
 Ye hollow Woods, ye Streams and Floods,  
 In Consort bear your Part :  
 And when I groan, with heavy Moan,  
 Then eccho back, then eccho back,  
 Alas ! I've lost my Heart.

I am determin'd to leave my Flocks, and go in  
 Pursuit of fair *Derothea* ; perhaps, I may find her  
 with her Sheep. — I'll no longer make my Passion  
 a Secret ; but will tell her the Cause of my Com-  
 plaint, and sue for Pity.

If she refuse to ease a Lover's Pain,  
 Farewell my Flocks, and yonder flowery Plain.

[ Exit STREPHON playing on his Pipe  
 the latter Part of the above Tune.

Enter CUDDY.

*Cud.* Curse on the Day I fix'd my Ec'n on *Phillis*—  
 she maks me miserable — an yet for all I know what  
 a cross-grain Whean she is, I can'na for ma Hart help  
 loufing on her. — I'z sure I have ta'en a deal o' pains  
 to sav'f her ; mony a Fout-step (*weeps.*) yet she never  
 wo'd con me ony thonk — but scols, and pouts, and  
 glooms at me, as if I was caff and sond — But  
 when that proud Foul that *Damon* comes to her, she  
 laughs and songs an ony Body may see how she's  
 pleas'd — tho' he wod nea gou a Fout out on his way  
 to safe hur ony Trouble. — I'z sure I'z full as gud a  
 Mun as he --- and mayhap may ha' as mikle Muny to  
 hurl on her Lap, tho' he wears a better Quot — But  
 what signifies my touking ; it makes me ne'er the  
 better — thof I canna get hur, yet I canna holp lou-  
 fing her — She'll be th' Death o' me —

[ Cries aloud, rubs his Eyes, and sings.



## A I R IV. Sung in Broad Yorkshire.

*Curst be all Woman-kind !*

*Nay, ——— not on Phillis :*

*Tho' she torments my Mind,*

*To her my Will is :*

*Altho' she pouts, and frowns ;*

*Nay, calls me twenty Fools,*

*Yet she my Heart so wounds,*

*I still love Phillis !*

*In vain is all I say,*

*Damon is still i' th' Way,*

*Alack and Well-a-day !*

*Ah ! ——— Phillis flouts me !*

*Many a weary Step,*

*I've taken for her ;*

*To save her out o'th' Wet,*

*In rainy Weather :*

*Pleas'd, when she bid me run,*

*Yet for all that I've done,*

*Damon is still the Mun :*

*O ——— cruel Phillis !*

*My Heart will brack with Woe !*

*Was ever Lad us'd so ?*

*I know not what to do ?*

*Ah ! ——— Phillis flouts me.*

[ Exit, crying aloud.

SCENE, Dorothea set upon the Ground,  
making a Garland of Flowers.

*Dor.* It must be this Gaylove, my Father dream'd  
of ! Oh, should he know he ever spoke to me, how  
it would trouble him ! But, to prevent that Uneasiness,  
I'll never see him more. [She rises, and sings.]

B 2

A I R

## AIR IV. TUNE, Lads of Patie's Mill.

From Gaylove's Wiles and Charms,  
 Kind Heavens me defend !  
 And bless me with a Lover,  
 On whom I may depend :  
 A Swain, whose Words, and Actions,  
 Declare his honest Mind ;  
 Without Deceit, or Flattery ;  
 Obliging, wise, and kind.

With such a dear Companion,  
 I'd chuse to spend my Time !  
 I'd envy none their Grandeur ;  
 Nor for Promotion climb ;  
 But in a rural Life,  
 Happy in true Content,  
 My Days I'll spend in Pleasure ;  
 My Choice I shan't repent.

Enter STREPHON.

*Strep.* My Dear Dorothea, [*Kisses her.*] I am glad I have found you. — Ever since you left our Plains, I have never enjoy'd an Hour's Pleasure. — My Mind has been perplex'd ; and my Care for you has been the only Imployment of my Thoughts : And the Loss of your Company has made me wretched ! —

*Dor.* Strephon, I am oblig'd to you ; but never knew my Company was valuable ; nor as much as guess'd you ever had a Thought concerning me. — Where's your Flocks ?

*Strep.* I left them with a Shepherd, my Neighbour, whilst I came in Search of you ; and was resolved never to return until I found you.

*Dor.* I thank you, Strephon ; a Sight of me is a poor Reward for your Journey. —

*Strep.* 'Tis in your Power, Dorry, to make it worth my Trouble. — Reward me with your Love ; give me your Heart ; already you have mine.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* It lies in a little Room, then ; for I am not sensible of it ; but should I return the Favour, it would not be worth your Acceptance. — But I know not how to love ; 'tis what I never thought of ; you must leave me to Time ; perhaps, I may learn.

[ *He takes her by the Hand, they sit down, and talk together.*

*Enter GAYLOVE and SPENDTHRIFT.*

*Gay.* See ! yonder she is ! — and by her a happy Swain — I suppose the Obstacle to my Bliss !

*Spend.* 'Tis pity to interrupt them — let's keep at a Distance, and observe them.

[ *They go back a little.*

*Gay.* Now, my Friend, what do you say ? Is she not a compleat Beauty ?

*Spend.* Indeed, she's a lovely Form — sufficient to charm an Hermit —

*Gay.* Did you but converse with her, you'd find the Beauties of her Mind far outshine her Face.

*Spend.* Her flowing Locks — her charming Complexion — her fine Shape. — O ! she's the Prodigy of her Sex, and the Admiration of our's ! —

*Gay.* Nay, now, you, rave ; you promis'd, you know, not to be in Love with her ; altho' your Observation's just, yet I can't bear you should view with my Eyes ? I begin to fear you.

*Spend.* Were you not my Friend, I'd try my Success with her ; But I'll leave her while it is in my Power.

By Friendship's Rule, my Passion I'll controul ;  
And, to my Friend, approve my honest Soul.

[ *Ex. both.*

*STREPHON, and DOROTHEA rises.*

*Streph.* My Dear, you seem ~~amazed~~ <sup>surprised</sup> ! — What's the Matter ?

*Dor.*



*Dor.* Did you not see two Gentlemen at a Distance ?

*Strep.* No : — Where are they ?

*Dor.* See, they are just at the Oak, going into yond inclosed Ground. [ *Points to them.* ]

*Strep.* What of them — What do you fear from them ?

*Dor.* Indeed, I know not — but I never see that Gentleman in the Laced Hat, but I tremble,

*Strep.* What's his Name ?

*Dor.* 'Squire Gaylove — The other is 'Squire Spendbrist, his intimate Friend — They both live nigh my Father —

*Strep.* Why do you tremble at the Sight of one more than the other ? Have you any particular Acquaintance with that Gentleman, or has he injur'd you ?

*Dor.* No — but he has sometimes come to me, when — I have been attending my Sheep ; and, I don't know, — he says such fine Things to me, and is so fond of me, — that — that — I know not what he means by it — but my Heart misgives me ; but I am resolv'd never more to suffer him to come into my Company.

*Strep.* Come, my Dear, give me your Promise ; and then I shall be easy about him.

*Dor.* Aye ! aye, that I will : I can't indure him : I hate to see him ? — He hugs, and teazes me, that I fear to be alone with him.

*Strep.* Dear Creature ! [ *Kisses her.* ] You have great Reason ; his fine Speeches are design'd to ruin you ? I love you sincerely ; but he only flatters you, and hopes to make you as fond of him, as he seems of you : And, when he has brought you to his Wish, he would leave you, to curse the Day you first saw him !

*Dor.*

*Dor.* I always dread, and runs from him — And for the future I'll never be alone with him. — But, 'tis late, I must go Home ; my Father will be uneasy at my Stay. —

*Strep.* Farewell, my Love ? — I shan't rest until I see you.

[ *Exit STREPHON.* ]

*Dor.* Nor, I fear 'till he returns : How pleasant has my Time past in his Company ! — He means me well ; — but I never see *Gaylove*, but I tremble ; and wish to avoid him, altho' I know not a Reason for it.

[ *Exit.* ]



## SCENE, *Gaylove's House.*

*Enter TOM and BETTY.*

*Tom.* Well, *Betty*, be as cruel as you will to me, you shall never make me such a Fool as my Master.

*Betty.* Mr. Sauce-Bex — A Fool ! — I wish my Master had heard you. — A better Title had better become you. — Pray, what has my Master done — so like a Fool ?

*Tom.* Done ! — Why, he's quite undone — Did you ever see a Man so metamorphos'd ? — A Month ago he was all Life, and Spirits — all Air and Gaity — But what a poor hum-drum Creature is he now ? — He scarce speaks a Word, but when Necessity forces him.

*Betty.*

*Betty.* As you say, *Tom*, I have observ'd an Alteration — But what do you think is the Cause ? — I sometimes fancy he is not well ; but yet he does not look as if he was sick.

*Tom.* Sick ! — Why, Woman, he's over Head and Ears in Love.

*Betty.* In Love with whom, pray, *Tom* ?

*Tom.* I did not know 'till Yesterday. — As he was hunting with 'Squire *Spendthrift*, I heard him talking of a Shepherdess — you would have sworn she had been some Goddess. — The 'Squire laugh'd heartily at him ; but yet own'd she was exceeding pretty. —

*Betty.* Sure he'll ne'er take a Wife out of the Sheep-folds ; nor perfume his Bed with the Ram-Scent of the Goats. — He had much better have taken up with what his own House affords. — Mrs. *Jenny* is much preferable to any Shepherdess in the Country ; and, I am sure, has as much Reason to make her Amends as any other. — She has been civil enough to him, to my certain Knowledge. — But, I fear, I have spoke too far — I hope, *Tom*, you'll take no Notice.

*Tom.* No, *Betty*, not I, truly ! — I would not say a Word that should lessen my Master, nor Mrs. *Jenny* neither, were I intrusted with the Secret. — But do you know, *Betty*, — that when once a Woman is free of her Favours, she is no longer esteem'd ?

*Betty.* Then, *Tom*, — I suppose, you were weary of me, when you would have tempted me, to have comply'd with your foolish Offer ! Then, I suppose, I should have been no longer held in Esteem by you.

*Tom.* Indeed, *Betty*, I only did it to try you, — I love you too well to ruin you.

*Betty.* Oh ! [ *Laughs.* ] It's mighty well — I am oblig'd to you — but I should be sorry my Will



Will was at your Command. — But do you think, Tom, that my Master designs to marry — a Person so much interiour to him ?

Tom. That I can't tell. — But I know he is wretchedly uneasy about her. — But let them do as they will, let us to our own Affair. Prithee, Betty, when must we follow our Fore-fathers — and read over for better, for worse ?

Betty. Hum — I can tell — 'tis Time enough. — I am young ; and would have a little more Pleasure in the World — before I tie myself to Sorrow, Care, and Trouble. SINGS,

A I R VI. TUNE, Alas, poor Shepherd undone.

*A Virgin's happy State*

*Is free from all Sorrow and Strife ;*

*But if once she gets into the Noose,*

*And exchanges the Maid for the Wife :*

*Then Care like a Deluge o'erflows :*

*No Hope of Relief she espies ;*

*But, doom'd by the Fates to her Woes,*

*She languishes, pines, and dies !*

*Then, where's the Joys of Marriage ?*

*Alack, and a Well-a-day !*

*I'll look before I leap ;*

*Live happy, whilst I may.*

T O M.

*Pray, Betty, suspend your Fears,*

*'Till better you know the State ;*

*If e'er you chance to wed,*

*And get an agreeable Mate ;*

*No Joy will equal your Bliss ;*

*You'll never have Cause to complain :*

*But, bless'd with an honest kind Lad,*

*You'll find all your Fears were vain.*

C

Then

*Then what will you think of Marriage ?*

*Oh happy, joyful Day !*

*You'll advise e'ry virtuous Maid,*

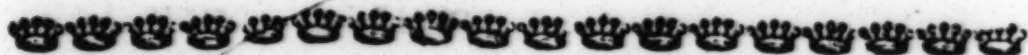
*To marry while she may.*

What say you to That, Betty ?

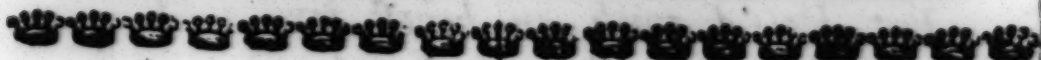
Betty. I'll consider of it ; but I can't stay any longer. [ Ex. Betty

Tom. Nor I, without her.

Ex. Tom.



The End of the FIRST ACT.



A C T



## A C T the S E C O N D.

### SCENE, A Road.

*Enters STREPHON, whistling.*

*TUNE of, The Milking-Pail.*

*Strep.* **H**OW am I bewildered? I have lost my Way; but 'tis no matter: I think I am nigh *Collin's House*: I'll e'en go make the old Man a Visit. [*Goes to a Door, and knocks; 'tis open'd.*]

### SCENE, Collin's House.

*Enter STREPHON.*

*COLLIN and DOROTHEA set at a Table.*

*Strep.* Collin, a good E'en to you. — I have wander'd all this Day in search of *Dorry*, at last I found her: I spent some Time with her, as she watch'd her Sheep: I took leave, and left her; intending to return home: But, blinded by my Love, I lost my Road; but luckily fell into your's; and am now come to ask your Consent to make *Dorry* my Wife. — I long have lov'd her: — You are well acquainted with my Circumstances. If you approve of me, don't defer my Bliss, but make me happy.

*Col.* Young Shepherd, I have known you some Years, and have no Objection to you. — But *Dorry*



too young. — 'Tis too soon for her to take upon her the Duties of a Wife ; neither would I give her to any Man 'till I was well assured of his Capacity to maintain her — at least — as well as I have done ! — But this I'll promise, If *Dorry* like you, and I find no Reason to dislike you, you may depend I will indulge my Girl's Inclinations, so far as is consistent with her Welfare. — So all I can say, A little Time, ( perhaps ) may bring you to your Wish.

*Strep.* I thank you, *Collin* : I'll endeavour to deserve your good Opinion ; and never forfeit the Favour, I hope, you intend me.

*Col.* Well, I'll leave you : I suppose you have some kind Speeches to make to *Dorry* — So good bye to you. *Exit Col.*

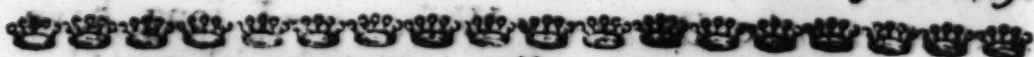
*Strep.* Now, *Dorry*, you must fancy yourself my Wife ; that is, you are not to suffer any Person to talk to you of Love ; nor think of any Man, but me.

*Dor.* I think you have ( almost ) got my Father's Consent. — When ever he commands me to marry you, I must obey him.

*Strep.* My Dear — I hope the Trial of your Obedience, and the Consummation of my Happiness, are nigh at hand. — I know not how to leave you, but must put a Force upon Inclination. (*Going.*)

Unwillingly I go from *Dorry's* Sight ;  
I know not how to speak the Word—Good Night !

*Ex. severally.*



## SCENE, The FIELDS.

*Enter DAMON, PHILLIS, CORRIBON, GALEZIA, ADONIS, and CHLOE ; each leading his Partner.*

*CORRIBON sings.*

A I R VII. TUNE, I'll face e'ry Danger.

*How happy's the Shepherd,  
How blest is our State !*

*We*

*We are free from all Faction,  
The Lot of the Great':  
Each Swain takes his Nymph,  
In soft Notes we combine ;  
To charm all the Graces,  
In Consort to joyn.*

C H O R U S.

*Each Swain takes, &c.*

Cor. *I blest with GALEZIA, [Takes her Hand.*

Da. *And I with PHILIS. [Takes her Hand.*

Ado. *My Vows to fair CHLOE, [Takes her Hand.*

*I bind with this Kiss. [Kisses her.*

Cor. *With the Fields of Elyfium,*

*Our Joys do out vie ;*

*The Gods gaze with Pleasure*

*From yonder Azure Sky.*

C H O R U S.

*With the Feilds of Elyfium, &c.*

Cor. *We had forgot our new Neighbour, — The beautiful Dorothea ! — Let's go pass an Hour with her ?*

*All. Agreed. — Let's go visit Dorothea.*

*Ex. Leading each his Shepherdess.*

*Singing in Chorus.*

*With the Fields of Elyfium, &c.*

SCENE, *A Field*, STREPHON *and*  
DOROTHEA *walking.*

*Stre.* *What says your Father ? — Has he told you when he will make me happy ? — Since he has given his Consent ; — to what End does he defer our Wedding ? — Careless of every Thing but you my Flocks are neglected — I can give no Account of my Affairs, Should he prolong the Time*

I really think I shall forget the Number of my Sheep : And be quite incapable of Business.

*Dor.* A pretty Speech, truly ! (*Smiling*) -- But, I suppose, you expect to be answer'd. — Well, to be plain, my Father has not told me when ; — but is making Preparation for — a Day — (*sighing*) — which will make me — happy — or miserable —

*Strep.* Don't name Misery, my Dear — it shall be my Endeavour to banish Sorrow far from you ; and by my tender Care to make the hardest Circumstances easy : We have a fair Prospect ; but should — (contrary to our Hopes and Views) an ill Fate pursue us, and reduce us to Straits and Difficulties ! — yet, endear'd to each other, we'll study Content ; and, by Industry, and Patience, rise up against Misfortunes — and charm the Gods to befriend us ! — Come, don't dread what never may befall us ! -- But in the discharge of our Duty ; let us hope for a Reward : But see, --- here is Company coming to divert this melancholly Subject.

*Enter the SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.*

*Cor.* She's not alone ! Young *Strephon* is with Her.

*Da.* You need not fear she'll want Company.

*Ado.* A good Day to you both !

*Strep.* Thank you ! The same to you.

*Cor.* We have left our Flocks, and dedicated a few Hours to Mirth ; and only wanted the Person we have found, to make our Pleasure compleat.

*They all salute DOROTHEA.*

*Dor.* A Compliment ! — I did not expect such a Speech from a Shepherd.

*Da.* Who can be silent that beholds such Beauty ?

*Adon.* STREPHON, you are a happy Swain !

*Strep.* I hope we are all happy ?

[ *Takes hold of Dorothea's Hand, and SINGS,*  
AIR,



A I R VIII. TUNE, What Gudgeons are we Men ?

'Tis thus we Shepherds live,  
 Our Bliss knows no Alloy ;  
 Our harmless Sports,  
 May challenge Courts ;  
 Our Time we thus imploy ;  
 Each Turtle finds his Mates :  
 Whose Charms divert his Cares,  
 We dance and sing, and sport and play,  
 Like Birds in happy Pairs.

*Strep.* Come, my Friends, let's have a Dance.

*They dance with their Crooks in their Hands.*

[ *Exit.* Leading each his Partner, singing  
 in Chorus. *Each Turtle finds his, &c.*

SCENE, A House. A Servant walking.

*A knocking at the Door.*

*The SERVANT opens it.*

*Enter SPENDTHRIFT.*

*Spend.* Is your Master at home ?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir.

*Spend.* Let him know I'm come to wait upon him.

[ *Exit. Servant.*

SPENDTHRIFT, alone.

*Walks about, humming over,*

A I R IX.

*What a Fool is he,  
 That waits a Woman's Leisure ?  
 For a Minute's Pleasure !  
 What an Ass is he ;  
 Nay, and then to loose her,  
 What a Fool is he !*

*Enter*

Enter GAYLOVE.

*Spend.* GAYLOVE, your Servant — I han't seen you this long Time — Pray how goes your Affair with your pretty Shepherdess? — I suppose she's the fair Shrine you worship ; and your whole Time is spent in contemplating her Perfections.

*Gay.* Prethee, why so inquisitive? — I hope you remember your Promise —

*Spend.* Yes ; and have more Honour than to break it ; and more Regard for your Friendship, than to run the Risk of losing it — I would not suffer my Eyes to gaze upon her Beauty, least my Resolution should melt, and you should justly charge me with Persecutions.

*Gay.* Thou art, indeed, a Man of Honour, and acquired to great Perfection. To command our Passions, and conquer our Inclinations (*especially in a Love Affair*) is a Task for a Philosopher — I wish I could boast the same Conquest ; then I should be free from Racks and Torments ! — *Dorthea* avoids me — in Despite of Artifice, and Contrivance : 'Tis impossible for me to get Admittance into her Company ; but when e'er she espies me, she flies as if Perdition pursued her.

*Spend.* Come, try to forget her ; frequent the Assemblies of the fair Sex. — A new Beauty will have new Charms ; you know your Temper's fickle, and easy to change ; you had always more of the Roman-tick, than the Constant Lover. — I dare swear, you'll never fall a Victim to her Cruelty, nor die a Martyr to your own Passion. — Come, go along with me.

*Gay.* I must endeavour to forget her, since I can't obtain her — *Spendthrift*, lead me where thou wilt ; — any Road where I may drop my Chain. —

*Spen.* I am for the Bowling-Green, and then for the George, where I shall spend the Evening — With Claret, and Burgundy I'll Chace away Care, and regale

regale with Pleasure. Come, come, come along. what an Ats is that Man, who sighs and pines, for one Woman; when he may command Twenty?

[He puts his Arms about Gaylove, and hugs him off, SINGING,

*Drown all Despair, in a Bottle,  
a Bottle of delicate Claret, &c.*

[Ex. both.

\*\*\*\*\*  
SCENE, COLLIN'S House : COLLIN set  
smoking a Pipe. \*

Enter STREPHON.

Strep. A good Day, Collin ! Pray when must I call you Father ? — My Flocks increase ; and I want a Help-Mate. — I hope you have no Objections to me. — Pray, give me your Blessing, along with the Parson's ; and let Dorry and I go home together.

Col. A little longer Patience is necessary — I am settling my Affairs, that Dorry may be your's.

Strep. I thank you, Father Collin — And when you have given Dorry to me, I'll not change my Happiness to be Lord of the Indies.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Col. May you always be in that Mind !

[Exit Collin.

Strep. How blest am I dear Dorry ! — Once more, farewell ! [Kisses her.] The next Time I come, you are to be mine for Life. [Takes her Hand.]

Dor. To go with you, dear Strepson, I rejoyce !

Strep. How blest am I, you made so kind a Choice !

Ex. both.

D

SCENE,





SCENE, *A Field.* Discovers ADONIS  
and CHLOE.

*Adon.* CHLOE, I'm weary of waiting: I have been begging and praying you these five Years — only to — say — *I will.* — How can you be so cruel, to keep me in Pain, when you may give me Ease with one Breath !

*Chloe.* What are five Years ? — If we marry, I hope we shall live many Fives ; or, I assure you, I would not venture upon the Lease.

*Adonis.* Prithee, *Chloe*, let the Lease commence this Day — Don't you hear the News ? — *Strepbon* and *Dorothea* are to be married to Day. — Come, let's make one Ceremony serve us all ; and make me happy.

*Chloe.* ADONIS, I can't deny you any Favour — I am your's.

*Ado.* Let's go to *Collin's* House, and acquaint them with our Design.

*Chloe.* You may command me. [ *Exeunt.*



SCENE, *COLLIN'S House.*

*Enter STREPHON and DOROTHEA.*

*Strep.* Bless'd be this happy Day ! May it change its Number, and be the First and Greatest in the Year ! An Hour or two, my dear *Dorry* ! [ *Kisses her.* ] and then you are mine.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* May we ever have Cause to account it the best of Days !

*Enter ADONIS and CHLOE.*

*Ado.* Good Morrow, *Strephon* — I hear you are to be married to Day ; *Chloe* and I am come to rejoice with you.

*Strep.* I thank you, my Boy. ——— You are welcome. ———

*Ado.* But, we are going to be married too !

*Strep.* Very well ; the more the merrier. ——— Let's haste to Church, the Parson waits.

*Enter GALEZIA and PHILLIS.*

*Gal.* DOROTHEA, a good Day to you ! ——— *Phillis* and I were told you were to be married — We came to accompany you to Church as Bride-Maids.

*Phil.* You'll pardon the Freedom.

*Dor.* It was very kind in you — I thank you.

*Strep.* Come, my Friends, let's away ; the Parson stays for us.

*Exeunt omnes.*



## SCENE, A Road. Enters GAYLOVE.

*Gay.* Once more I'll try my Fate, and sue to *Dorothea* to pity me : — I'll offer her Marriage. — Perhaps, the View of being a Gentlewoman may influence her ! (*Sees them coming.*) Ah ! Who are these that are advancing this Way ? — *Dorothea*, and the Shepherd I saw with her ! — She appears like the Goddess of the Plain, attended by her Nymphs !

*Dorothea espies Him.*

*Dor.* Ah! What do I see? *Gaylove*! — Which Way shall I run to avoid him?

*Strep.* Don't fear, my Love — You are safe with me.

*Gay.* (*Meets them.*) My dear *Dorothea*! (*Takes her Hand.*) 'Tis long since I had the Pleasure of speaking to you. — Why, you all seem gay! — I suppose you are upon some rural Diversion.

*Strep.* Sir, 'tis, indeed, a Day of Mirth and Joy! We have just been at Church to say over Matrimony; and are going home to be merry.

*Gay.* Since it is so, give me Leave — (*Salutes her.*) I wish you both many Years of Happiness! — *Dorry*, you might have commanded a Man of Fortune — But you prefer'd one in your own Way. — May you ever be agreeable to each other; and your Merit meet a due Reward! [*They bow.*]

*Stre.* I thank you, Sir — Pray, with good Luck to *Chloe* — she has got into the same Yoke.

*GAY.* [*Salutes her.*] Young Shepherdess I wish you Joy [*She bows.*] Happiness attend you all. [*Exit.*]

*Dor.* I'm glad he's gone — How I tremble!

*Stre.* Don't fear, my Dear — I am thy Guard, and will defend you from Harm: — Come, let's haste to your Father, and ask him Blessing. — We shall have some of our Brother Shepherds meet us to wish us Joy! *Adonis* and *Chloe*, I hope you will call, and take a small Repast. When that's over, each Shepherd shall take his Partner, and attend you over the Plain; and, with their Pipes, shall invite the Birds to join in Chorus; whilst the Sheperdesses sing the Joys that wait all faithful Lovers.

*Exeunt.*



*Enter TOM and BETTY.*

*Tom.* *BETTY*, What do you think of my Master? — He went out in the Morning — I know not whether — He return'd the most disconsolate Creature



ture I ever saw — He run into his Chamber — I follow'd him — He bid me give him his Night-Gown — I obey'd — Then a Dram of Rum — I fill'd him a large Glass. — He threw himself upon his Bed — and toft — and tumbled — I concluded he had got the Gripes. I desired his Leave to fetch the Doctor, To which he answer'd, Can'st thou climb? — Hast thou any Acquaintance with *Cupid*? If so, prithee see him to extract a Dart he has shot into my Breast. — If he refuse thee, I am lost. — I concluded him lunatick, and left him.

*Betty.* I suppose his Shepherdess sticks fast in his Breast. — 'Tis strange she should refuse him.

*Tom.* Why, *Betty*, perhaps she's engag'd. — If my Master's Sister would offer to marry me, I swear I'd refuse her — if you would but consent.

*Betty.* *Tom*, you have given me convincing Proofs of your Sincerity; and I promise you, when Opportunity favours us, I will not deny you.

*Tom.* Then, *Betty*, I am happy — but shall impatiently wait that blessed Minute. [ *A Bell rings.* ] My Master calls! My dear *Betty*, farewell! [ *Exit.* ]

*Betty.* This Lad is really honest; and was born to make me happy. [ *Exit.* ]

SCENE, COLLIN'S House, COLIN sitting.

Enter STREPHON, DOROTHEA, ADONIS CALOS, GALESTIA, and PHILLIS.

*Strep.* [ *To Collin.* ] Father, I beg your Blessing! [ *Both kneeling.* ]

*Col.* May you be happy!

*Dor.* Pray, Father, give me your Blessing!

*Col.* [ *Kisses her.* ] Thou hast it, Child! May you prosper in all your Undertakings; and Happiness wait your Steps!

*Strep.*

*Strep.* Father COLLIN ! *Adonis* and *Chloe* are married — Pray, wish them Joy.

*Col.* (*Salutes them.*) May you be happy also !  
(*They Bow.*)

*Ado.* Thank you *Collin*.

*Col.* Now *Dorry*, my Cares and Fears are over ; since I have seen thee safe in the Hand of a Man I have long approved of ! — Heaven bless you both ! *Strep*, I am satisfied with your Prudence ! — I don't doubt but you will manage your Affairs to Advantage — May you live in Love, and mutually seek each other's Welfare. Take this to be doing with. (*Gives a Purse.*)

*Strep.* I thank you, Father.

*Col.* What I have given you, is sufficient at present. When I die, *Strep*, you are my Heir.

*Dor.* Oh ! dear Father, don't talk of dying : I can't bear it. —

*Col.* Child, I must leave thee : I am old, and can't expect to live long ? — But I'll retire : Old People are a Check upon Mirth — I see your Friends are coming to wish you Joy ; I'll leave you to entertain them. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* CORIDON and DAMON.

*Both.* I wish you Joy ! May *Strep* and *Dorothea* be happy ! — (*They salute each other.*)

*Ado.* Pray, wish me Joy ; pray salute my Bride.

*Da.* What ! are you married, too ?

*Cori.* Yes, why not ? We took the Opportunity of *Strep*'s Holy-Day, and kept it together.

[*All salute CHLOE.*]

*Chloe.* I thank you, my Friends.

*Damon.* Unkind *Phillis*.

*Corrydon.* Cruel *Galea*.

*Galea.* Come, don't spoil Company, but be merry and live in hopes ? — Perhaps *Phillis* and I may hie upon

upon the frolik ere long ; and give each of us a holiday.

*Corryaen.* Do you hear Brother *Damon*, there's Comfort for us let's me merry.

*Enter Cuddy, runs to Phillis.*

Ah *Phillis* ! ha — I son ye — How I've sou't ye — I whop' ye are in another Mind than last Time I saw ye — My poor Heart is just broken with your Unkindness. — If ye are resolved to be Death o' me ; why'e, it mun be so : But, if you'll be lousing, and comply, I'll mack ye as haüppy as the Day's lang. — Come leas't that prond *Damon*, and gang along with me. *[Takes her Hand.]*

*Phillis.* Poor *Cuddy*, 'tis too late : I have just given up my Power. — *Damon* has got my Promise.

*Cuddy.* Then farewell to all the Comfort of *Cuddy's* Life. O cruel *Phillis* ! thou had'st broken the Heart of as honest a Lad as ever loved a Lass. *[Weeps.]* Farewell, false-hearted *Phillis* !

A I R IX. *TUNE*, Peggy grieves me.

No mer I'll think of Woman kind,

O ! *Phillis* how you grieve me

No mer I'll with my Love be blind,

Nea Lass shall er'e deceive me ;

But with my Sheep I'll spend my Time,

Nea Comfort seek, nor Pleasure,

To think of *Phillis*, is a Crime :

Farewell ! false Maid, forever.

*[Ex. weeping]*

*Strep.* Poor *Cuddy*. — *(They all laugh,)*

— Come let's have a Song ; and then a Dance 'till Dinner be ready : — Then we'll attend *Adonis* and *Chloe* over the Plains ; and return and spend the Evening in Mirth and Joy.

*STREPHON sings, takes DOROTHEA by the hand*

A I R



**AYR X. TUNE, Without Affliction, gay Youth-  
full, and witty.**

*All Joy to my Charmer,  
Let each coming Day,  
Like this know no Sorrow !  
I am I Time past away :  
In lasting Peace and Plenty,  
While I live with my Dear,  
Lately no Mourning,  
Content is my Sphere.*



*My Dear DOROTHY  
If STEPHEN be happy,  
My Joy is complete,  
I wish no Richer or Grandeur,  
Than to be his Wife !  
In STEPHEN'S kind Arms,  
Secure from all Danger,  
I fear no Misery.*

*And if STEPHEN be happy,  
So is CLOT, and I, and Phillis,  
To Nymphs, and to Swains,  
Let each Voice reach the Sky,  
That praise the great God,  
Who the Gods have made,  
From their Regions above.*

**CHORUS**

*(Sung by the Choir)  
Let us all join in a Dance,  
And let our Feet be merry,  
For the Lord is our God,  
And he will make us free.*

*And let our Feet be merry,  
For the Lord is our God,  
And he will make us free.*

